

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

A Magnificent Fur Cloak One of the Latest Importations from Paris



The most striking feature this season in fur cloaks for midday is the manner in which leopard skins are being used to set off the main material.

In this picture a leopard skin is draped over the shoulders, producing an effect that no other combination could hope to achieve.

This wrap comes from a Paris fur garment-maker, who, within the last two seasons, has jumped to the front ranks of originality in style.

This is a wrap that will suit any woman, no matter what her size or physical proportions may be. So subtle, too, is the charm of the leopard skin that its color effect seems to blend with any shade of hair.

Wireless Telephony

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

There is no longer the slightest doubt that the time is coming, and perhaps close at hand, when we shall habitually talk to one another at distances of hundreds, or even thousands, of miles without the intervention of any wires connecting the speaker with the hearer. Wireless telephony is an established fact, but the apparatus still needs development before it can come into general everyday use and displace the existing telephonic system.



There is something weirdly impressive in the thought of transferring the feeble human voice over mountains and seas, and making it virtually encircle the earth. Man speaks and his planet hears. At his command a little electric demon transforms his voice into waves that traverse the ether with the speed of light, carrying the voice with them, locked up in their undulations. In less than one second and a third they could bear it to the moon. In about three minutes they could carry it to the planet Mars.

Here, there, anywhere on the surface of the earth other little man-made demons seize upon the speeding waves and

change them back again into the human voice. Was anything equally marvelous ever imagined about the powers of the magicians of old? The only difference is that the ancients merely dreamed, and we first dreamed and then acted. The imagination is the prime motor for both, but they saw its pictures without an effort to transform them into realities, while we have made them substantial by the aid of science.

Many inventors are working upon the problem of making wireless telephony at great distances commercially successful. It is probable that several different systems will be perfected, but the base of all is the same. It is always the electric waves that carry the impulses transmitted from the human organs of speech, ready to be retransformed when they reach their destination. Into articulate words. The difficulties are purely matters of detail. There are American systems, German systems, French systems, Italian systems, and all of them are more or less successful.

As far as I am aware, the record of distance at present is held by Mr. Vanni, the director of the Telegraphic Institute of Rome. He has transmitted human speech by electric waves from Rome to Sicily and from Rome to Tripoli, across the Mediterranean sea. The greatest distance yet attained by him is 1,000 kilometers—about 620 miles. For shorter distances the transmission is easy, not only by his apparatus, but by others.

One curious fact about wireless telephony is that it carries the voice almost infinitely quicker than it could be transmitted by sound, provided that sound could be heard so far. A sound wave would require more than three-quarters of an hour to go 600 miles through the air; an electric wave goes that distance in one-third of a second. Practically we may say that the transmission is instantaneous.

The same thing is, of course, true of simple signals transmitted by wireless telegraphy. They could go round the earth in about one-seventh of a second. This fact is about to be taken advantage of in order to ascertain more accurately than it is known at present the longitude of Washington. Beginning in October this year, and continuing until April next, signals are to be exchanged for this purpose between the Eiffel tower in Paris and the Naval Radio station at Arlington, near Washington. These signals will probably traverse the Atlantic in about one-fifth of a second.

Already the time signals from the Eiffel tower are received by ships far out on the ocean. But these communications, which enable the navigator to determine his longitude with hitherto unattainable accuracy, will surely seem far more wonderful, when, instead of mere telegraphic dots and dashes, the captain of a ship in mid-Atlantic hears a voice from Paris, dropping down out of the blue, and saying, as if the speaker were close by his ear: "Twelve o'clock at the Eiffel tower."

But we quickly become accustomed to marvels when they are of everyday occurrence. If we did not, we should be wondering at ourselves all the while. Our ladies are as amazing as wireless telephony, and our minds infinite more amazing.

My Own Beauty Secrets By Anna Held Good Teeth and a Pretty Smile as Beauty Essentials



Miss Held's Smile and Her Pretty Teeth.

(Heading "Anna Held's All-Star Varieties Jubilee," Under Management of John Cort.)

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Have you the courage to smile? I do not ask. "Have you the disposition to smile?" for every woman has the disposition to smile.

Every woman has the knowledge that a smile radiates light over her whole face. And every woman smiles if only she has good teeth to give her the courage to smile and show them.

Even, white, well-cared for teeth. They add charm to a charming face. They even make you forget irregularity of feature and flaws in coloring.

Come, madam, confess, have you given your teeth the care they deserve? And mademoiselle, be warned before it is too late. Your teeth are one of your great beauty assets.

But they are perishable, they are easily flawed, and they will repay you measure for measure for either neglect or care.

Do you know one reason why the peasant woman and the middle-class "bourgeoise" of my own country fade so early? It is because in youth they have spart-

ling girlish faces lit by smiles and flashing teeth.

Soon decay takes its toll—the teeth become yellow and broken; they fall out from ill use and neglect. The cheeks become hollow when the tooth support is removed; the pretty facial curve is lost and a smile becomes impossible.

Now the first rule to follow in caring for your teeth is to have them examined by a reliable dentist every six months. Whatever sacrifice of luxury this means, you should still adhere to this rule. A tiny cavity can be filled painlessly and cheaply—and a filling in time saves the tooth. So consult your dentist regularly and save big cavities in teeth and pocket-book.

Don't fear a toothache that is brought on by work in the dentist's chair. If visible decay starts attend to it at once. If no decay is visible or can be felt with the sensitive tongue tip, it is still a necessary precaution to visit the dentist twice a year.

Use peroxide to disinfect the mouth and lips and allow no soreness to persist in either place. Absolute cleanliness in and about the mouth cavity is as important as is every other sort of bodily cleanliness.

The teeth must be brushed with some cleansing and disinfecting preparation every morning and evening. A simple and effective combination is carbon and common salt. Powdered chalk and orris, with a little winter-green powder to sweeten the breath, is also effective. And there are a number of reliable preparations on the market.

Use a firm toothbrush with hard bristles unless your gums are very tender. Brush your teeth in the direction away from the gums—up from the lower and down from the upper teeth. Brush the teeth thus in front and in back. On the upper surface of the teeth use a little rotary motion.

Keep a supply of dental floss on hand—and never allow food to lodge between the teeth. Brush the teeth with clean water of the mouth temperature after each meal, and use the dental floss if necessary.

Watch the enamel for any crack or stain. This may indicate decay or damage of a sort that requires a dentist's aid. Be careful of your diet. Sweets attack the enamel of the teeth and are

agents for rapid decay. The slightest crack in the enamel allows decay an entering wedge.

An overabundance of any one principle in the system is inadvisable. Too much acid or too much alkaline matter will injure the teeth. The diet should counteract this. If you are a gourmet and cannot resist the delights of the menu, find out if your mouth is over-acid or over-alkaline.

For the acid mouth, bicarbonate of soda and water will make a counter irritant mouth wash. For the alkaline mouth vinegar has been used with good results. I recommend carbon and common salt as a tooth cleanser, since I have used them for years, and my teeth are white and mine own.

And as the final aid for teeth I recommend fresh air. Let us return to our beginning—a smile. Smile if you have good teeth—and smile because it is good for your teeth. It gives them a chance for the cleansing, renewing, growing power of fresh air.

So, chere amies, here is my slogan for beautiful teeth: Have the courage to smile for your teeth's sake—and have teeth that will give you the courage to smile.

An Out-of-Date Fashion Which Still Persists in the Padaung Tribe, Upper Burma



The ladies of the Burmese tribe of Padaung apparently still persist in and, in fact, go one better than the fashions in neck adornment that prevailed over here ten years ago. The aim of the women of the tribe is to elongate the neck as much as possible, and to effect this a female child has a brass wire collar fitted round its neck, to which additional rings are added as the years go by until she is fifteen, when she is valued by the length of her collar and purchased as a wife by a "beau" of the village. Girls with necks of over a foot long are not uncommon. The modern V-shaped low neck, however, is making its influence felt below the collar even in Burma, as may be seen in the photograph.

Science Questions

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN

Question—It is thought that in space eternal cold and darkness prevail—what then is the explanation of the fact that both light and heat from the sun, some 90,000,000 miles away, in cold space, reach the earth?

Answer—Heat and light as such do not reach the earth from our sun and 100,000,000 more suns. Radiant energy is transmitted by undulations or waves in electrons, which energy is in the form of waves of varying lengths and amplitudes. When some of these energy impulses impinge on matter able to receive and appropriate them heat and light result. Many molecules in many thousands of kinds of matter are able to translate energy waves into heat, while others are translated as light on the retina of the eye and in the brain. But no heat nor light develops until the waves strike forms of matter fitted to receive, appropriate and translate. Thus energy will pass through a "burning glass" made of ice, converge to a focus, and set light objects on fire.

Q—Has it been practically proven that ether does not exist? If nothing exists but electrons, and these are relatively far apart, how can the various waves of heat, light and electricity, of such different lengths, be transmitted thereby?

A—It has not been proved that ether does or does not exist. But the capital discovery of electrons and the study of their properties, these and more, seem to meet all requirements of physicists, in transmissions of space waves of all known kinds, lengths and rates of undulation, and their terrific speeds. If electrons could by any human means—impossible, since they repel—be forced to its side by side, then a row one inch long would contain 12,700,000,000,000. The shortest space waves so far detected by the most delicate photography are 24,000 to an inch. Omit the twelve trillion, then there would still be 700,000,000,000 electrons in the linear inch. Then the line in space

is almost empty. But this wave would find enough space electrons—the actual ether—to transmit its impulse—the enormous number—2,740,000,000. What then shall be said of the huge number of electrons met and moved in the shortest visible waves of light, 63,000 to the inch, or longest visible, 2,500 to one inch? Electrons dispersed throughout all that part of the sidereal universe, whose outlying suns are so far away that their images, much smaller than needle points, tax the most powerful telecameras to reveal on sensitive plates, meet all physical requirements of any Democritus, to Newton, Dalton and ether imagined from Leucippus and Michelson, to Thomson and Rutherford and to Madam Curie.



A Social Leader's Advice to a Debutante—

"Remember, my dear, Good Teethkeeping means good health and winning smiles—both indispensable to social success."

Rely on the habitual night and morning use of

Dr. Lyon's PERFECT

Tooth Powder

Prepared for nearly half a century by a Doctor of Dental Surgery.

Cleanses the teeth by the harmless method of polishing. Dr. Lyon's is safe. It is smooth, gritty powder which prevents the formation of tartar and the beginning of decay.

Teach your children to use Dr. Lyon's night and morning—about all at night. This will insure them against future tooth discomfort and prove the best safeguard to their health.

What Dr. Lyon's does not do only your dentist is competent to do.

Are you reading Dr. Lyon's magazine advertisements?

The Girl Who is "Knocking"

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"Do you think a girl who talks about her friends is a girl to trust?"

"My best friend has been talking about me, and now she wonders why I don't want her for a friend any more."

"She says she didn't mean any harm, but somehow I can't feel the same to her."

"Do you blame me? She has been a good friend. She took care of me when I was ill, and once she lent me money; but now—do not want to think of that."

"What do you think about it all?"

"Talk about you, does she? Well, what crime is that?"

"Who are you that you shouldn't be talked about, pray, and what did the 'false friend' say, any how?"

"Did she just say that you were extravagant, or that you dyed your hair, or that the new dress you are so proud of is your last year's turned? What of it if she did?"

"Why shouldn't she say any or all of these things if they happen to be true? Do you think you ought to sit somewhere on a pedestal and have every one glad to merely gaze upon your perfections, and let it go at that?"

"Of course you have faults, and of course your friends see those faults, too. Why not? Do you want them all to be blind just to please you?"

You see their faults plainly enough, don't you?

And whisper, don't you ever speak of them—once in a while? Honest and truly now: think back. Didn't you ever "talk about" this friend in particular, in no very particular fashion?

So she took care of you when you were ill, and she lent you money and now you don't want to see her any more. But, my dear child, you can't do that sort of thing, you can't really—not and respect yourself at all. What she did is past. Your memory of it is not past, is it?

When you take favors like that from a friend, you may let the friend forget you can't.

She looks ugly to you now, does she? Well, how did she look the day she lent you the money? Tell me that.

And whisper, who told you that she "talked about you"—and how do you like the person who did it?

Trust her again. I'd trust her twice as far as I'd trust the one who told me what she said, or hinted it, which is twice as bad.

These people who whisper to you, "I hate to hurt your feelings, but you ought to know," and then tell you a whole lot of stuff that you ought not to know at all—I wish I could take the whole bunch of them and lead them to the edge of the Battery and see what would happen—when the fish saw them.

Stick to the friend who stuck to you, little girl, and if she "talks about you," why, give her something to talk about, something pleasant and good, and see if she doesn't talk a whole lot more—and be happy.

Gone

By CONSTANCE CLARKE.

Little dead baby so still and so cold;
Little white baby with ringlets of gold;
Wee waxen fingers half clasping a toy,
Eyelids tight closed on the world and its joy—
Over the hills where the dark shadows creep,
Stilled in the valley where baby souls sleep,
Little dead baby so still and so cold,
Little white baby with ringlets of gold.

Wee little grave at the end of the lane,
Shut out alone with the pattering rain;
Rose petals blown from the bush at the gate
Drift through the garden and settle in state,
Dusting the ground with a covert gay,
One rosy spot in the gloom of the day—
Wee little grave at the end of the lane,
Shut out alone with the pattering rain.